

Halo:The Atlas

by Councilor Sora

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Summary: An Elite Councilor is given an assignment critical to the Great Journey. Which leads into a deadly battle between believes. My first fic Please Review Rated T for Violence and language. First in series of three, possibly four. TYVM for reviews. Complete

1. Prologue

Halo: The Atlas

Prologue

Supercarrier Honorable Demise in orbit of world Exalted Pride 9th Age of Reclamation

Councilor Sora 'Vran Rumilee walked towards his personal quarters to meet with the Prophet of Truth. He was just rewarded for his actions on glassing his hundredth human world. His armor was now donned with golden forerunner glyphs. This further ornamented his already ornate Councilor armor. But he did detest the ridiculous customary helmets those of his rank were forced to wear.

'I cannot wait to take this wretched thing off' he thought'. He stood in front of his quarters and submitted the proper authorization codes.

"Honor Guards do not let anyone enter this room. Station naval security throughout all hallways leading to this area, kill any who attempt to come near" Sora said briskly.

"Yes excellency," the Honor Guards said in unison. They ordered the Naval guards donning purple assault armor to guard the hallways while the Honor Guards took sentry positions outside the door.

As Councilor Sora walked in his room he took off the helmet and put it on the desk. He sat in the a Gravity Throne which was similar to the ones used by prophets but stripped down and built for a

Sangheli.

"Ah, Councilor 'Rumilee,'" three creatures with a Serpentine necks and a thin and frail bodies spoke. Their massive bulging eyes stared at him through a holographic projection.

"Noble Hierarchs," he bowed instantly, "I was told I was meeting only the Noble Prophet of Truth but it is an Honor above all to be in the presence of all three."

"You may dispense with the pleasantries, Councilor," spoke the youngest of the three. Although honorable the Prophet of Regret was young and rash unlike the other two. Although the lowest Hierarch he still outranked him by a full level. "We have a mission for you."

"Do not be so quick to judgment, young one," the oldest of the three; the Prophet of Mercy said. "Forgive him Councilor young Regret often speaks out of term."

"Do not speak to me like some child you old fool, for I..." Regret was interrupted.

"Hold your tongue, Regret" the Leader of the Covenant spoke in a calm rational voice. "For it is my brother Mercy who saves you from a public humiliation every time you fail. Now Councilor I am sorry you had to hear that...display, Regret often forgets his place. Now to get back on target we have great news. The Holy Atlas has been found. As you know with the Atlas we would know the exact coordinates of sacred sight in the galaxy. Including the Sacred rings we are assigning you to the military capture of this world, there is a large Human colony there."

"Yes, excellency, Prophets will be done," the Councilor said honorably.

"Oh, and Councilor I am sending the, Prophet Councilor and two supporting Legates to supervise the uncovering of this sacred sight, you will have full control of this op but the Prophet will advise you on the religious aspect," the Prophet of Truth said.

"Yes, excellency, thank you excellency," Sora said respectfully. He headed to the bridge of his personal Supercarrier and awaited the Prophets arrival

2. False Sense of Security

Halo: The Atlas

Chapter 1: False Sense of Security

UNSC military Instillation on the Planet Conquest

August 17, 2542

SPARTAN-199 Rob drove his Warthog to take a Pelican up to the Fleet Admiral's flagship. He and the rest of his squad had finally received a mission. Apparently it was so top secret that the only one who could relay the message was the Supreme Commander of all of the

forces in the Sector. It had been over a week since he saw the rest of his squad. Constant combat simulations left them with little free time and he was on a nightly shift as opposed to the rest of his squad who were on the day shift. He finally reached the hangar he submitted his ID though none was needed due to the fact that he was a seven foot green giant.

"Ok sir everything checks out, follow us please," the receptionist said.

As the Pelican rose through the atmosphere he could see the City lights shining off the planet. And then once they passed through the Stratosphere he began to see Conquest's impressive defenses.

The planet Conquest was the third most important world to the UNSC (after Reach and Earth). What little offensive operations the UNSC had against the Covenant started at Conquest. It was in an excellent position to defend the Outer Colonies from this new Genocidal race called the Covenant. The military presence on the planet was considerable. At all times there was a fleet of seventy-five warships and ten of the UNSC's new prototype Super MACs. These enormous mile long space stations kept in geosynchronous orbit around the planet at all times. The station was in a sense a giant space cannon. The Marines had one of their largest bases on Conquest. 5,000,000 marines, over 10,000 ODSTs and not to mention a squad of ONI's SPARTAN super soldiers equipped with their MJOLNIR armor. The planets operations were overseen by Fleet Admiral William Rague who was held up in UNSC flagship the carrier Heaven in Conquest.

As he exited the pelican he was met by a marine with a thick Irish accent who saluted. Rob returned the salute.

"Sir, Corporal Hawkes C company follow me to the bridge the Fleet Admiral's waiting," The Irishman said.

He finally reached bridge after a long series of gasps, awes, and salutes. He saw the rest of his squad waiting for him near the view screen. SPARTAN-133 Jena SPARTAN-134 Rick, and last but not least SPARTAN-017 Dane. Standing in the center was a man who looked like he was in his early 50's but when Rob saw the Five-Stars on his collar he immediately knew he was. Fleet Admiral Rague was the only person in FLEETCOM besides Lord Hood who didn't look like they were on there death beds. Rob immediately saluted. The Admiral returned the salute.

"We don't have much time so lets get straight to it," Rague said coolly "Command has devised that the Covenant's next target is this world take a look at this."

A tactical readout appeared on the main view screen. It showed a couple of Longswords scouting through an Asteroid field and then suddenly vanishing; KIA.

"After this I sent 5 destroyers to that vicinity, a single Covenant scout ship that had been hiding in the asteroid field the battle group engaged and destroyed it," he turned off the display, "Now we have no clue when the Covenant's assault forces are coming but we do know that Covenant ships have not been seen traveling in fleets greater than fifty. So we have the advantage in terms of numbers. Now as for your mission we need you to take a UNSC destroyer equipped

with the new Genius AI and implant it in one of the Covenant Ships and use it to infiltrate their fleet and find out everything we need to know about the Covenant. The destroyer _Aegis _will be arriving in five days. Any questions?

"Uh. yeah what's a Genius AI," Dane asked

"Pretty much its a collection of over 100 military smart AI's that combine their knowledge of the Covenant. The Genius AI is the only reason why we can translate the Covenant language. Anything else? No you leave in five days."

"Yes sir! " the Spartans barked in complete unison.

'Back to the grime' Rob thought.

Councilor Sora 'Vran Rumilee stat in his command throne on the bridge of the _Honorable Demise_. This ship was truly a wonder to behold. The Command center itself was massive having an enormous platform which had the commanders chair as well as tactical displays and a planning table it also had chairs for the commanders guests. Then a lower level where at least thirty Sangheli sat at there stations. At twelve kilometers long the Supercarrier dwarfed even the mighty Assault Carriers. It hangar bay could hold a warship up to two kilometers in length. It held thousands of Banshee's and Seraphs. It served as more of a Space Station rather a warship. 'I wonder when the Minister of Reclamation would arrive' he thought.

"Excellency, the CCS-class battlecruiser _Righteous Might _has just slipped in system and is requesting permission to dock." the tactical officer said.

"Grant it, Supreme Commander you have command of the fleet until I return,"The Councilor walked out of the bridge his Honor Guards tailing him as he went into the Gravity lift.

"Yes Excellency, I will do as you command," his second in command Recla 'Kar Sacramee said respectfully.

As he exited the Gravity lift he was met with many salutes and bows from the thousands of crew members in the Hangar Bay. Not to mention the battalion that stood at attention awaiting the Minister's arrival. The_ Righteous Might_ hovered above the Hanger bay floor its Gravity lift descending from the bowels of the mighty warship.

The platform hit the ground and the Minister of Reclamation, his accompanying Legates, in their ornamented robes and Gravity thrones, and 10 Jiralhanae guards all in Power Armor. One in golden Power Armor had a Gravity Hammer on his back.

" Welcome Minister. Before we start with the formalities would you mind telling me why those blasted apes are operating a mighty warship of that class!" the Councilor barked.

"They are my most trusted guards they are among the first Jiralhanae who will be armed with the prototype Power Armor," the Minister said calmly.

"This is heresy Minister the Writ of Union clearly states that the Sangheli have the final say in _all _military actions and can only be

overridden by the..."

"The Hierarchs they approve this stating that if we could unleash the Jiralhanae against our new foes less Sangheli will need to die by the filthy Humans," the San 'Shyuum pulled out an official document signed by the Prophets of Truth, Mercy, and Regret.

The Minister and himself were of the same rank and both held positions on the High Council but a decree by the Hierarchs was absolute. For now he would have to play host to the Minister and his Jiralhanae pets.

"Very well Minister your Jiralhanae will be apart of the first wave of attack but a single hint of treachery and I will have their heads on a platter and I will have you replaced on the High Council," Sora said coolly.

"Then we are agreed !"the Minister exclaimed.

"Now come we should go a place where we can discuss the plans for the upcoming battle. Your Jiralhanae will wait hear though or it might cause a fuss on this ship."

They walked down a long corridor and bypassed four security checkpoints led by Naval security. Sora's Honor Guards took sentry positions outside of his quarters. As he passed them he could hear the crackling of their Energy staffs.

"Now, the Atlas is located on this Human world hear. It is heavily fortified with almost 100 of their ships in Orbit. In counter to that I have assembled 134 capital ships to assist in the conquest of this world." Sora said briskly.

"So I assume that you will not be using plasma weaponry and be ramming the enemy ships." The Minister said, "After all we do not know where the Atlas is and using plasma could harm its Holy structure."

"Simultaneously while we are attacking from the heavens we will deploy legions of Unggoy, Kig-Yar, Jiralhanae, Lekgolo and Sangheli. They will systematically check for the Atlas on the surface of the planet."

"But..."

"If we don't use the force required the Humans might destroy our fleet and stay out of range from ramming. Minister the plasma won't make it to the surface it will vaporise in the atmosphere."

"Very well, Commander but if you make a single error that jeopardizes the Atlas I will have you executed for high heresy."

"I am willing to jeopardize my life in the place of the countless lives that would be unnecessarily sacrificed if I used a ramming strategy."

"I believe we are done hear guards escort the Minister and his Legates to their quarters." The Councilor sat back on his throne and pressed a device on it.

Within an instant two Helios (Light of Sanghelios or Helios for short) guards clad in there pristine white armor entered energy staffs crackling.

"If you'd come with us excellencies," one of the guards said forcefully but respectfully.

Just as Sora was about to fall asleep a hologram appeared on one of the arm rests of his throne.

It was Supreme Commander 'Sacramee.

"What is it?" Sora barked slightly irritated.

"Forgive the intrusion excellency, but the fleet has completely assembled and the Prophet of Truth requires you give your daily report," Recla said.

"Very well I shall be there immediately," Sora said briskly.

He stormed out of his quarters receiving crisp salutes (different from human ones as the Sangheili pound there chests) Sora returned them. When he reached the Command Center it was chaotic the Supreme Commander was giving orders to all 100+ Shipmasters.

"Put the Prophet of Truth through, now," Sora said.

"Ah, Councilor Sora good to see you again," Truth said.

"I am humbled, excellency. I have good news my lord. The fleet has assembled." Sora said respectfully.

"Very well commence Operation:CONQUEST!" Truth barked.

The Councilor nodded and with that the navigation officer slipped the massive warship into another dimension. Soon all 134 warships vanished from our fabric of space and into Slipspace. The Conquest of humanity and the Atlas had begun.

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ty Great Valley Guardian for first review

3. Will of the Gods

Halo: The Atlas Chapter 3: Will of the Gods

UNSC Flagship Heaven in Conquest

August 21, 2542

"Fire !" Fleet Admiral Rague barked. With that every MAC gun on every ship fired. Obliterating the remainder of the Covenant assault fleet of thirty.

"All forces form up on the Heaven in Conquest we need to..."

"Sir Slipspace rupture its the largest on record, something big."

"How big are we talking."

An enormous Covenant ship emerged from Slipspace it had to be over ten kilometers long. Then its support fleet of 100+ warships emerged from Slipspace.

"My god..." the Admiral whispered under his breath.

"All Projectors prepare to fire on my mark," Councilor Sora barked.

It was time to test _Honorable Demise's _new Energy Projectors. It had over two and a half dozen dotted across its enormous hull. The fleet formed in an X formation around the fleet carrier.

"FIRE!"

> " Sir, there there is a large power surge building up from the enemy flagship" the tactical officer.<p>

Over two dozen blue lances of energy tore into his fleet.

> "SHIT! ALL UNITS EVASIVE MANUEVERS." the Admiral barked.<p>

In an instant a dozen UNSC warships detonated multiple others managed to evade but were crippled.

"Communications Officer, tell the super MACs to fire on that 'sniper ship'!" the Admiral barked.

"Sir, with respect we can't, its taking our ships out from a distance of only 100,000 kilometers." Vice Admiral Ragnos said over a comm channel.

"GODDAMN it."

"Send in the first wave of ships see if you can penetrate their blockade now Supreme Commander you can lead the first wave." Councilor Sora said briskly.

"Of coarse excellency." Supreme Commander 'Sacramee responded.

Fifty Covenant warships broke out of formation the Supreme Commander's Assault Carrier in the center. The Assault Carrier unleashed its own barrage of Energy Projectors plasma torpedoes and pulse lasers. Suddenly the ten Human space Stations opened up. They destroyed five of Recla's cruisers and destroyers. Another ten of his warships fell due to the Human's ships.

"Are the Energy Projectors charged and ready."

"Yes Excellency."

"Good target those enemy stations."

"Belay that."

The Minister of Reclamation's voice came from behind Sora.

"Ah Minister would you mind explaining me what in the galaxy do you think you are doing."

"This is a matter of Religious concern those stations are to close to the planet and could contain valuable information on the location of the Atlas. I will go down to the planet now aboard the Righteous_Might_ cover my ship with your fleet and Projectors."

"Very well but Minister you seem to be forgetting _who_has command of this military operation I will cover you only because my ships were trying to land anyway."

"I understand but the army sent down there will need religious guidance so that they do not accidentally damage its Holy Structure."

Both of them shot each other stares that could kill a Lekgolo. Then the Minister floated out of the room on his Gravity Throne.

"VILE BASTARD! He has no idea the lives his recklessness might cause." he pounded his throne with such force that the chair bobbed in mid-air.

"Send two CCS-Class battlecruisers and there destroyer escorts to cover the Righteous might."

The battle had escalated though the Covenant had managed to land the Supreme Commander's Assault ship and fifteen other vessels the rest had engaged in a bloody conflict with the Human forces.

"Sir the Spartans are in position to defend the FLEETCOM on Conquest."

"Good then we may still have a chance if the reinforcements from Reach arrive in time." said Fleet Admiral Rague.

SPARTAN-199 Rob stood on the Deck of the Behemoth-class Troop Transport

'Elephant' Mobile Command Center. Major General Wallace was standing there with his officers and ODST Guards on the base level of the monstrous vehicle. There were also two Warthogs and three mongooses in case things got messy and the General's guards made him and everyone else on board bail.

"Well gentle men we've got the means to drive those Alien Sobs crying home to there mother ship. We have hear a Spartan II, 1000 ODSTS, 500,000 Marines and a shit load of Artillery just waiting for them. We have a plan lets put it in action. Spartan-199"

Rob snapped to attention.

"Yes sir ?"

" There is and Enemy CCS-class battlecruiser tharts perched in a valley about 72 kilometers north of hear. Command figures they ain't hear to drink coffee and eat crumpets with us so we're blowing it up.

Your mission is while we are assaulting the Covenant's forward command post you fly in using a capture Banshee and command codes courtesy of our Genius AI Karina. You will fly into the warship blow your way to the command center and use her to overload the enemy cruiser's reactor."

"Of coarse sir but where is it."

"I prefer _she_," a disembodied voice said.

A small woman dressed like she was at the beach appeared on the Holographic platform.

"Karina for gods sake dress like a human being we are going on a mission and the fate of this planet rest on your little shoulders could you take it seriously."

Within an instant she "changed" into a business suit.

"Senior Chief Petty Officer Spartan-199 you are not to talk about this to anyone accept your fellow Spartans and members of HIGHCOM. You leave in one hour." the General said.

"Sir!" He took the AI and put her in the back slot of his armor. He left for the Center of the command post where the captured Banshee was docked.

Within an hour he was in the air. He was flying for thirty minutes when he received a communication from the enemy battlecruiser.

"This is Shipmaster Enra 'Tarosamee please submit ID and clearance codes for docking" a disembodied voice said over the comm.

"Let me handle this," Karina said. She wanted to show off a bit rob could tell it from the way she said it.

"This is Minor Baro 'Icklamee, requesting permission to dock clearance code 49-343-2401." Karina imitated Elite's voice perfectly.

"Permission granted. Proceed to hangar three on the port side."

Before he knew it he was in the Hangar bay surrounded by Grunts lifting various heavy objects, four Sangheli three blue ones and one red, there were also strange blue creatures with bulbous bodies that resembled balloons. 'Time to get to work' he thought as he exited the Banshee Assault Rifle in hand

Shipmaster Enra 'Tarosamee sat in his command chair eagerly awaiting commands from the High Councilor. As a gold-armored Zealot he had quite a lot of influence more so even than the white armored field master who was assembling the army.

He was just about to head to his quarters when the face of a Sangheli in violet robes appeared on his central screen.

"Supreme Commander what may I do for his excellency today," Enra said pleasantly.

"The Councilor requires all Shipmasters to report to my Assault Carrier to plan the upcoming battle."

"Of coarse I will take a Phantom to your command ship now."

"Commander, take charge until I return the Field Master is not to commence attack unless myself or a Sangheli higher ranked than myself first approves."

"Yes excellency." Commander Necra 'Inkanee said briskly.

The Shipmaster walked out tailed by two Helios Guards.

"Commander we have been infiltrated ! The Unggoy and Sangheli in the Port side Hangar three."

"Prepare all forces to repel boarders."

Rob blew a hole in an Elites head with his M6D pistol spilling the creatures blood on his subordinate Grunts faces. The small creatures ran away in fear. But Rob was to quick he mercilessly knocked each of them in the back of there heads cracking there tiny skulls instantly.

"Security is getting tighter as we get closer to the Control Room, looks like they know we're hear." Karina said through the microphones in his helmet.

'Well no shit' he thought. As he progressed on killing any stray Grunts that he found. Then he saw a Gold Elite commander traveling with two guards armed with strange looking staffs going for the other Hangar bay. He tried to attack them but out of no where Jackals and a single Red Elite attacked him shielding there Commander's escape. Rob tossed a grenade killing the Jackals and finished off their red armored commander with a pistol shot to his now unshielded head.

"According to the Covenant battle net that is this ships commander who is on his way to meet with the Supreme Commander of the ground forces hear."

"Should I take him out."

"Too late he's boarding his transport now."

Commander 'Inkanee nervously looked at the hallways and corridors leading to his command deck.

"Deploy the Sharquoi," the Commander barked.

"Excellency?" a Major Sangheli clad in crimson armor questioned.

"Withdraw forces from Hallway 89-345. We are releasing the Drinol."

> "But sir the Sharquoi has been shown not to be controlled by any..."<p>

"The Demon has slain our warriors without breaking a sweat! Based on

his projected path he will assault this very Control Room. But I will not let him reach it the Drinol will slay the Demon. And should the Drinol become uncontrollable I will kill it myself."

"Yes excellency." the Major said reluctantly.

Rob ran through one of the mazes of Hallways towards the Command deck of the cruiser. Something wasn't right why hadn't he encountered any resistance. Not that it wasn't welcome just that if they had given up than blowing the Cruiser would be pointless.

"Rob BECAREFUL! There is something extremely dangerous up ahead."

Not a minute after an enormous twenty foot tall behemoth stood in front of him. The beast was so tall that it had to hunch over in order not to hit its head on the ceiling.

"DRINOL!" it spat

It brought its enormous arm down with such force the Metal on the cruiser dented with the three foot diameter of its enormous fist imprinted in it. Rob took his rifle in one hand and his pistol in another. He fired both weapons but not a scratch on the enormous green hulks thick hide. It merely pounded whatever it could get its massive hands on.

"How do I kill it." Rob asked to Karina.

"Working on it ONI has a new weapon for you waiting in the Hangar bay, a little present for you."

Great now he just had to run from the lumbering oaf until he could reach the Hangar; that or become the things next meal. This was no easy task but through his enhanced reflexes he managed to get back to the Hangar unharmed. This Hangar was different than the other one it had a Seraph star fighter docked in it and a new type of dropship he had never seen before.

There on the ledge sitting there were a rocket and some sort of new weapon that didn't even look like it held ammo. 'I'll stick to what I'm used to he thought' the Drinol as he called it because that was all it kept saying crashed through the door it finally caught up to him. The Beast wasn't very fast. Rob fired two Rockets all that did were piss it off. Two more brought it to its knees but still no visible damage. He fired his last two Rockets the beast charged right at them and came through unharmed.

"Use the SPARTAN Laser."

"The what?"

"The Big gadget in the corner" Karina said trying to break it down for him.

He picked it up and targeted the beast he pulled the trigger a red targeting laser locked on to the beast. The Drinol rose its enormous fist to kill him, but then the weapon discharged blowing a gaping hole in the creature frying its insides. It dropped dead.

"Wow"

"Yeah you might wanna change to a close range weapon the Command center is swarming with Elites."

"Commander the Demon has..."

"What did our Sharquoi slay our enemies?" 'Inkanee eagerly inquired.

"Uh, well, er."

"Forerunners help us all! Bridge crew defend this control center with your lives."

"Yes Excellency!" they all said in unison.

The door suddenly opened all bridge crew fired with there needlers and plasma rifles at the opened door they flung a few grenades into the mix as well. The smoke cleared...nothing

"Where is the damned body,"

"I don't know but that was enough firepower to kill even a Sharq..." a Major was cut off mid sentence as a Sniper shell tore into his shields deflecting it. Then a second shot tore into his skull. The sniper round caused his head to explode sending a spectacular but disgusting rain of bits of brain and skull all over the command deck.

The Demon ran through the door with a Sniper rifle slung to his back and one of the Human 'shotguns' in hand. The commander fired his duel needlers the demon dodged most of the shots but took cover. Two Major domo Sangheli ran to finish off the Demon but he blasted one knocking out his shields and knocking the other one's shields down to half. Before the Demon could finish them off the Commander jumped down from the command console; Energy Sword drawn. The Demon's head was almost severed had it not been for his God-like reflexes. Suddenly thirty Naval Security Sangheli and sixty Spec Ops Unggoy entered weapons fixed on the Rob even his MJOLNIR armor could not take a barrage of that many weapons.

"Lower your weapons and we shall spare you death hear and now. You see Demon, we shall always be victorious. For your destruction is the will of the Gods and we are their instruments."

Rob slowly lowered his weapons. Should anything happen where they threatened to take off his armor he would activate its self destruct sequence. Otherwise he'd fail his mission, that would be unacceptable.

"Take him to the Holding cells."

Two Sangheli grabbed Rob and took him to the the battlecruiser's brig. With one of the infamous Demon's captured, and the Humans fleet being slowly but surely pushed to the brink of Annihilation, the Fall of Conquest had truly begun the will of the Gods had been unleashed.

Disclaimer: I do not own Halo or any of its products but do own the characters of Halo: The Atlas and blah blah blah.

PLEASE REVIEW!

4. Prophets and Demons

Halo: The Atlas

Chapter 4: Prophets and Demons

Covenant Supercarrier Honorable Demise

Ninth Age of Reclamation

Councilor Sora 'Vran Rumilee stared at the view screen the battle was a stalemate. He turned to the tactical display on the command platform. The Human ships were fierce combatants even when outnumbered they managed to hold there lines. 'Their Supreme Commander must be a skilled tactician to be able to maintain his fleets lines even in this situation.' Sora though.
> "Excellency, the Hierarchs demand a report."<p>

"Move the ship away from the battle so we can send a clear transmission."

"Yes Excellency."

Sora walked back to his quarters leaving a skilled young Fleet Master in command for the time being.

"Excellencies, the siege goes well, the Humans are fighting valiantly, but I cannot see there resistance lasting for longer than a week."

"I see but you in all your military prowest still have not secured the surface of the planet. Why have you not yet deployed the Jiralhanae." The Prophet of Regret lashed.

"I was waiting for the Humans to make the first move and they have I have captured one of the Demons."

Even the arrogant Regret could not rebut against that. All Covenant had fallen before the almighty Demons. Even the most skilled Chieftain paled in comparison to the Demons.

"Well done, Councilor" Truth said applauding.

"I have not seen such military prowest since the 22nd Age of Doubt when the Arbiter tamed the Lekgolo." Mercy said approvingly.

"I shall put all efforts in killing the remaining Demons on the planet excellencies I will report to you tomorrow. I have a conference with the commanders of the planet side forces."

"Very well may the Forerunners guide your way." Truth said.

"Fleet Master get me a comm with the Assault Carrier _Devout Handler_ " Sora said over the comm."

"Yes excellency."

The _Devout Handler _was stationed over a mile above the surface of the planet. In Supreme Commander Recla 'Kar Sacramee sat on the edge of a table he was surrounded by the fifteen shipmasters four wearing gold armor the other eleven wore White and black armor. On the fare edge of the table sat the Minister of Reclamation and his Golden Armored Jiralhanae warrior.

"Welcome my Shipmasters, Minister, and his guest." A disembodied voice spoke.

A hologram of Councilor 'Rumilee appeared on the center of the table.

"The reason why I have summoned you hear is that based on the analyzing of the enemy battle net we discovered that the Humans wished to attack one of our cruisers the _Undying Vigilance_ under the command of Shipmaster Enra 'Tarosamee."

"I knew this and as a result transferred a Sharquoi on board so that the small infiltration force of Humans that would arrive would be killed. However even I was shocked when I heard a Demon had boarded one of our ships. I immediately sent a squadron of Naval Security warriors to handle the Situation, I would like to say that the operation was a success we have captured one of the Humans' almighty Demons."

This was met with cheers from the Shipmasters and even the Minister and his Chieftain.

"So now my brothers we shall move forth with our attacks Enra you shall lead the second wave. Terebus," he waved towards the Jiralhanae, "You shall lead the first. The rest shall follow suit. Dismissed."

Things at FLEETCOM were hectic though the space battle was a stalemate. The ground battle was hell. It was usually the opposite but the Covenant had deployed some Ape-like creatures to the battlefields. They had some armor like the Elites but not as tough shielding. It also fell apart once the shields were down. But those things hides; they were as thick as any armor. Even the weakest of bastards could take three direct shotgun shells point-blank. Only Spartans and ODSTs could match them on the field. It was almost impossible to win.

But there was still hope they had to destroy that ship somehow. It would take out the second wave of troops without a doubt. But if even a Spartan couldn't do it what could.

"Sir, all of the Cities have been evacuated."

"Very good, pull all forces back to this base" Major General Wallace said.

"Yes sir."

"Sir Spartans-133, 134, and 017 are reporting in."

"Send them in."

"Spartans I have a new mission for you, You are going to rescue Spartan-199."

Aboard the _Unyielding Vigilance _the Shipmaster had just returned. Enra stared at the screen which showed a live display of the Jiralhanae ripping into the enemy lines. 'Not bad Minister he thought.'

Then all the Human forces pulled back suddenly. The Jiralhanae also pulled back to resupply.

"Shipmaster three enemy ships are coming in." the tactical officer barked.

"All hands prepare for ship to ship combat we are under attack."

"Sir the Ships are out of range of our standard weaponry we could use the bottom side Energy Proj..."

"Were it so easy the Minister has forbidden use of all Energy projectors for fear that it might damage the Atlas."

"Sir, they are launching Dropships and fighters."

"Scramble Seraphs and Banshees. Prepare pulse lasers and point-blank cannons."

The battle was fierce Hornets taking Banshees; Seraphs taking Longswords. The Pelicans made it inside. With it three Spartans and thirty ODSTs. They cut straight through the Enemy defenses. They had Spartan Lasers to take care of the two Sharquoi that Guarded the control room.

"What a warm welcome," Dane smirked.

"Dane stay on target," Jena remarked.

"Thats what she said," Dane couldn't help but say.

Rick and the ODSTs just snickered as Jena shot them glares beneath her visor.

They mowed down Covenant opposition that stopped them from getting to the command center. When they reached it they blew down the door.

"Well, hehehe. Look who stopped by,"Shipmaster Erna 'Tarosamee spat.

"We've been waiting for you Demons," Commander 'Inkanee said ", Guards!"

Naval Guards and Unggoy walked into the room.

"Dane head on me and Rick will handle this," Jane said.

"Alright don't die now."

"STOP HIM!" the Gold elite in the chair barked.

The one in White and black armor tailed Dane.

"ARRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGG!" Erna jumped out of his seat dual swords in hand.

His Helios Guards attacked Rick with their Energy Staffs. He kicked one of the Staffs out of the Helios' hand but the cunning warrior grabbed his Energy sword. The two were great warriors. Meanwhile the ODSTs and Naval Guards duked it out in a fire fight. Corpses were everywhere and in the center of all of this was Jena and Shipmaster Enra 'Tarosamee duked it out. Jena was using an Energy sword that was taken from a fallen Naval guards corpse. 'Damned Demon it has no weak spots I'll die at this rate.' Enra thought. Then suddenly when Enra made a swing the Demon ducked. Avoided both deadly streams of Energy. Before he could react the damned thing Stabbed him through the leg holding him on the Command platform. 'SHIT' Enra thought as he howled in pain. The Demon drew its Shotgun from its back and aimed at his head. 'NO!' he thought he cut the Gun in half melting the weapon shut. He Grabbed the blade stuck in his leg and then spun his other blade wildly.

Jena dodged the Gold Elite's blade and threw her now useless weapon to the ground.

" Rick throw me a weapon."

"A little busy ya know!" Rick barked back

She dodged the Elites blade for a second time. She grabbed both of his arms. She tried to break them but the Elite kicked her off. The Elite rose up and picked up his Energy Sword ready for the kill.

Enra felt some sort of staff penetrate his innards. He felt a strange electric crackle. He saw a bright light welcoming him into the home of his forefathers.

> " Excellency!" the two Helios Guards rushed to the Shipmaster but he was already dead.<p>

Jena jumped to Ricks side.

> "Good throw" she mused.<p>

"Thanks"

The two guards in white drew there Energy Blades but before they could strike the ODSTs mowed them down with Assault rifle fire. There were only ten out of the thirty left.

"Alright ODSTs lets finish our mission!" Jena said.

Commander Necra 'Inkanee ran through the corridors trailing the Demon. Two Spec Ops Sangheli now joined him. The sound of the battle had stopped and being there were no blood curtailing screams of

Sangheli joyously celebrating the death of the Demon he knew that the Shipmaster was now dead. He finally reached the Brig to his surprise two Demons were standing there amongst a room of Covenant corpses.

"ARRRRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGG" he charged at the two his Spec Ops subordinates followed suit. But the Demons mowed down the Spec Ops Sangheli within an instant.

The Demon grabbed his arm and broke it.

"HOW DARE YOU TOUCH A SANGHELI YOU FILTHY HUMAN!!!!!! DO YOU NOT REALIZE THAT YOU ARE IMPEDED HOLY WORK, " Necra spit.

"Shut up you stupid squid head elite."

"_SANGHELI_! NOT ELITE! YOU SEE THIS IS WHY WE SHALL _BURN_YOUR PATHETIC WORLDS. I AM A WILL OF THE PROPHETS. THEY SHALL ALWAYS REIN HAIL THE HIERARCHS! HAIL TRUTH! HAIL MERCY! HAIL REGRET!"

"SHUUUUUUUUUUUUT UUUUUUUUUUUUP!" Rob grabbed the Commander's Energy blade and lobbed his head off.

"Jesus man does the word mercy in your vocabulary," Dane jeered.

"Not to these bastards" Rob spat back.

"Do you have her?"

"Who Karina? Yeah she's right hear. Haven't been able to shut her up all this time I've been trapped hear."

"Eh em" Karina coughed.

"Ok lets get back to Command Center and blow this Ship Covies are bound to find out we got control sooner or later."

When the reached the Control Room he met up with the rest of the team.

"Ok I'm in," Karina said, "The reactor will detonate in thirty minutes lets go."

The team rushed to the Hangar. They decided to take a spin in one of the Covenant's Seraphs. As the UNSC forces pulled back a fantastic explosion vaporized everything in a Three mile Radius.

Councilor 'Rumilee pounded the edge of his Command throne.

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN DESTROYED?!?!?!" The Councilor was furious.

"Well...er...uh"

"ANSWER ME!" he got up from his Throne and grabbed the frightened Sangheli by the neck.

"It was the Demons" the Sangheli mumbled out.

"ARGGGGGG!" He released the Sangheli.

He regained his composure.

"Looks like we'll have to speed up our plans, get me Spec Ops Commander Eradar 'Rumilee."

The Spartans were taking a nice well earned rest. The Covenant had not tried to attack the base sense they lost there forward command cruiser they had to regroup. This was highly un-covenant like. The Covenant normally would try and run straight through the defenses in vengeance. But for now the Spartans would leave that for later. Now they slept.

Thank you for the Reviews

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5. Et tu Brute?

Halo: The Atlas

Chapter 4: Et tu Brute?

Covenant Supercarrier Honorable Demise

Ninth Age of Reclamation

Spec Ops Commander Eradar Rumilee walked through the bridge corridor of his father's personal warship. According to the debriefing he had just heard things on the ground were not going well. The Covenant who until about one standard day ago held 3/4ths of the planets surface had been driven back to hold barely an eighth of the planet. As he passed he had noticed something different rather than Naval guards clad in violet assault armor, over fifty Helios guards had replaced them. As he submitted proper authorization codes the Helios stepped aside and withdrew their staffs; allowing him to pass.

"Excellency what is the meaning of this?" the chief of Fleet Security Norta 'Selcuree barked.

"Commander I apologize but the Naval Guards failed in the defense of their Shipmaster." Councillor Sora rebutted.

"The Helios were also present..."

"But you see according to video recordings two Helios guards were able to duel on even grounds with a Demon. Had we had thirty Helios stationed there instead of thirty Naval guards the Demons would have had some trouble destroying our vessel."

"But..."

"The Helios will only be present in areas I deem most prone to

attack. I will not completely dismiss you from your traditional roles. Besides Commander it will only be for this campaign, the Hierarchs will be most displeased with another failure of that magnitude. You are dismissed."

"As you wish." Norta made a quick bow and left the command deck.

"You know Eradar you front line commanders have the life, no politics or bloody Council meetings. By the way Rtas 'Vadumee sends his regards he was just promoted to Spec Ops Commander and was assigned to the Fleet of Particular Justice." Sora commented.

"Wow, already he just finished academy training two years ago."

"Yes he progresses quite fast. But it is only natural the 'Vadums have always been very prestigious military wise. But as you know this is not why I summoned you. As a commander in the Spec Ops division you have the potentials to take control of a battle from any rank lower than Supreme Commander. Well your assignment is to oversee the next battle. I'm having Supreme Commander Recla 'Kar Sacramee to return to space, he is not very well suited for ground battles. You will use the Assault Carrier Light of Sanghelios as your command vessel. Keep an eye on the Minister and his Jiralhanae. Good luck son. O and by the way take an escort of four Helios as your escort."

"Yes Father, Uhhh sorry Thank you Councilor 'Rumilee I will make you proud." he saluted.

Sora returned the salute. 'Well looks like this battle is taking a turn for the worst. Sorry Humans but my son is almost as skilled a tactician as I am.' He chuckled to himself.

According to the Intel the Spartans just received the Covenant just exchanged an Assault Carrier for an Assault Carrier. No one knew why this exchange happened. Even Karina could not crack the Covenant battlenet in that region of the planet. That was the HQ of the Covenant on this world.

Rob and each of his Spartans piloted hornets in the last battle and were now circling the city of Primus. It was the capital city of the planet. But now it was deserted. It was once a city comparable to the hustle and bustle of a New York or Chicago back on Earth; the jewel of the Outer Colonies.

"Alright squad lets head to the Command Center in the city," Rob said now that they had completed there rounds for the day.

"Yeah ok," Rick said upset there were no Covies he could blow apart with the missiles or the chain gun on his Hornet. "But your treating for dinner"

"Man, when is it gonna be your turn to treat. All week its been me and Rob treating you!" Dane said.

"Fine, Jena your treating tonight," Rick joked.

"Your such a gentleman. Fine but your covering the next two nights."

They formed up and met in the middle of the park which now served as a forward command post for the 2nd and 3rd Infantry battalions and the 4th armor division. Tanks and a few Elephants were parked in the Center Tents were put up around the Elephants to serve as Officers "suites".

Parked over the park was a UNSC frigate where the General and a few lucky Colonels were staying. Its MAC gun was really helpful to bombard the enemy's Make shift fortress. It was incredible what those Covies could put up in a few days.

General Herman Shubaltz stood in the planning room of the UNSC Frigate_Liberty_ as Supreme Commander of the ground forces on the surface of the planet he had a heavy weight on his shoulders. Major General Wallace had it easy just being charged with the Defense of the now impenetrable fortress FLEETCOM HQ was located in.

"Well General looks like you have your work cut out for you."

The image of Fleet Admiral Rague appeared on the screen. General Shubaltz immediately snapped to attention.

"Sir!"

"I assume your last operation was a success."

"Yes sir soon we will push to the Covenants command base."

"Good."

"Sir, if you don't mind me asking how goes the battle upstairs."

"Good, we just got reinforcements from Reach so the battle is a complete stalemate now both fleets are entangled in an almost inescapable web of warships."

"I can see that its going better being we have a frigate to support us now."

"Well hopefully we'll be able to fight the Covenant off by the end of the month."

"Yes sir! I'll make it happen on the ground."

"I'll do what I can for you up hear. Rague out."

The comm cut off. 'I hope what he says is true'.

Eradar 'Rumilee walked through the ranks of his soldiers giving them words of praise. He would be commanding his forces from one of the ten Scarabs deployed on the defense of the _Light of Sanghelios. _If they lost it the remaining forces would lose all hope for victory on the ground.

As he entered his Scarab he saw the image of Human tanks advancing on their position. They were foolish to challenge them on an open plane. Then he saw a Human frigate looming overhead.

"By the rings..." he muttered. "All Armor take evasive maneuvers. The frigate fired its primary bow gut and took out a Scarab and two Wraiths with it."

The human Armor formed up on the hill and unleashed a full barrage of artillery fire. Taking more Wraiths with it.

'Well looks like this won't be as easy as I thought.' Eradar thought.

"What are you doing you fool, I am merely an advisor open fire!" he barked at the gold armored Field master.

With that a wave of Covenant plasma fire bombarded the enemy artillery. Multiple Scorpions were annihilated within a few consecutive explosions. Then they all charged forward, guns ablaze.

"Spartans deploy two of you head for the Scarab land on them destroy them from the inside. The other two command our Hornet squadron take out those Banshee's." General Shubaltz barked over the comm.

About 100 Hornets and about 50 Pelicans came flying over the hills and from the hangar bay of the Liberty...

"Now deploy the Mythos!" the General barked. The Mythos was a prototype vehicle that looked like a beetle. It fired small tactical missiles with sufficient fire to destroy an area of 200 meters in diameter. It had the firepower to destroy any vehicle except the Scarab.

It fired and annihilated quite a number of Wraiths.

"What the hell is that!?" Eradar barked.

" It is a mobile artillery piece. Similar to our..."

"I know what it is!" the white armored commander barked.

Just then two more of his Scarabs erupted in bright blue explosions.

"Report!" he barked to the tactical officer.

"That explosion came from the inside of the Scarab."

Then he saw the image of two Demons jumping out of the Scarab and start to lay waste to his infantry.

"Make ready my Apparition." he said

The Apparition was the command version of the Banshee. It was armed with four Plasma Cannons and two Fuel Rod Guns with heat seekers. It also had four wings instead of the normal two of Banshees. Major Domo Sangheli brought the Jet black aircraft to the deck of the Scarab he boarded it. When he launched he targeted five Human fighters with the weapons an fired they were all destroyed with a barrage of Plasma Fire and Fuel Rod guns. He then concentrated on the Human Dropships that were deploying reinforcements. After he destroyed another five

of those he sped towards the Mythos. Its anti-air batteries opened up, but he was to good of a pilot. He shot four fuel rods into the command deck of the Human vehicle. He could see the command deck was soon a mess of broken computers and Human body parts.

Chieftain Brutus stared at the battle going on in the valley. It was now a stalemate, but soon the Sangheli in all there arrogance would be forced to call him and his Jiralhanae to end this battle. Then he got a call a blip on his Power Armors HUD appeared. From Field Master Sacra 'Menrahee.

"Go unleash your fury upon the Humans failure will have you answering to the White Commander."

"I see," The Gold Armored Chieftain responded. So 'Menrahee has someone holding his leash as well' he thought .

"COME MY BROTHERS FOR THE JOURNEY!" Brutus charged over the hillside Gravity Hammer drawn. Him and some 5,000 other Jiralhanae ripped into the Human's flank.

The Minister of Reclamation ran his hands over the doorway. It was engraved with Forerunner symbols. He smiled to himself.

"Captain go tell the Councillor that we have found the Atlas! And also we need a Human prisoner."

A Brute Captain clad in Violet Power armor bowed and ran out of the cave.

"Excellency! Word from the Minister!" a Blue Minor domo sputtered out to the mighty Councillor.

"Calm yourself warrior you are making a mockery of yourself on my bridge."

"I am sorry Excellency but they have discovered the entrance to the Atlas. The Minister requests you contact High Charity, also he requires one human for the activation."

"By the Rings the Minister actually did something to speed along the Journey. He wants a Human prisoner I'll give him a Demon prisoner."

Eradar targeted the Demon with his Fuel Rod Guns. But just then he got a message on high priority from _Honorable Demise._

Do not kill Demons capture at least one alive this is the Will of Councillor Sora 'Vran Rumilee.

Co-signed by the Prophet of Objection; the Minister of Reclamation.

"Great..." but before He knew it the Demon fired a rocket at his aircraft. It glanced him. He went spiraling straight towards the Demon. He bailed just in time. The Explosion kicked up dust he could barely see anything...but then something stood up. Eradar grabbed his Energy Sword from around his hilt.

Rick couldn't see a damn thing since that Covie in the weird aircraft

had tried to kill him. He saw a flash of something moving. 'Shit' he thought. He saw a bright blue orb touch down a mere inch away from him. He jumped away in surprise. Then he saw an Elite driving his Energy sword through his arm. The Elite was quick and had driven another sword in his remaining arm. Before he knew it he was blacking out from the intense pain.

The Demon floated in Mid-Air and was caught by the Jiralhanae Chieftain.

"Give him hear ape or I will gut you hear and now."

Before the beast could respond Eradar had his Energy Blade to his neck.

"None will take credit for this besides me. I never asked you to help." Eradar turned and called for a Phantom.

"Hmph, perhaps if your words were where your skills lye..."

"If you spit one more snide remark from your filthy mouth I will gut you and hang your head on my wall as a trophy. Nod if you understand." the beast hesitated then nodded. "It would do you good to remember who is in command of this battle."

The Phantom _Mighty Gift _sped through the sky and landed next to the white-clad warrior. He deposited the Demon into the hold and then climbed in himself. He offered the Jiralhanae a lift but he declined it and said he's mop up any stragglers. With that the Phantom began to climb.

Jane looked in horror as Rick had been knocked unconscious and loaded into the Phantom. She tried to disable it but she was engaged by four escorting Banshees. When she was done with the Banshees General Shubaltz ordered a retreat.

"DAMN!" Shubaltz barked. " What the Hell type of fighter was that it tore right into our Air squadrons."

"Sir we believe it was a command fighter."

"Also, tell me what the hell happened to SPARTAN-134."

"Yes sir, I'll get the Spartans to submit there reports ASAP."

Councilor Sora 'Vran Rumilee awaited the Arrival of the Demon in his quarters. As he waited he looked at the Report of the last battle on the surface of the Planet. A successful defense of the Staging area for the Army. Spec Ops Commander Eradar 'Rumilee jogged into Sora's quarters. He was being carefully eyed by the four Honor Guards who were ready to gut him without hesitation should he even hint at assassination. Behind him two Helios guards brought in a particularly pale Human.

"Excellency," he bowed " May I present to you the Demon."

"Well done the Hierarchs will be pleased with this display."

"Well so this is what you look like without your armor,"Sora

mused", guards leave us."

"Tell me Demon what do you think of me?"

Rick stared into the Elite's cold snake like eyes.

"Your a coward, attacking me removing my armor and bringing me hear disgraced before you."

The Human spat on the Councilor's pristine white Armor. Eradar grabbed him by the neck and prepared to gut him.

"No!" Sora barked , "Give him back his armor and give him any weapon he chooses, Meet me in the dueling chamber."

"Father?"

"I wish to test this Demon's skills, if he kills me...free him. If I win we bring him down to the Prophet according to plan. Is this fair Demon?"

Rick couldn't believe his ears all he had to do was kill some Elite with a funny hat and he was free!

"Fair enough" Rick muttered.

"Then we are agreed. Guards escort the Demon to his armory...Any hint of betrayal and you are to kill him."

Within an hour Sora was in the center of the Duel Arena being cheered on by the crowds of Unggoy, Sangheli and even a few Lekgolo. The fleet had withdrawn for the time being. For weapons Sora had an Energy sword hilt clipped to his belt and held a Shield similar to a Kig-Yar's and another Energy Blade. The Demon entered the room armed with a prototype beam rifle, and an Energy Sword.

"Begin the broadcast!" Sora barked.

Soon enough every view screen in-system Human or Covenant had the image of the Duel.

"What the hell is this!" Fleet Admiral Rague barked.

> "Sir look its Spartan-134!"<p>

"Oh good I'm in the mood for Calamari." he mused.

Jena, Dane, and Rob anxiously looked at the screen, the Elite in the funny Armor guaranteed that Rick would be released if he killed 'Councilor' as he called himself.

The battle started. Rick unslung the strange Alien sniper rifle and shot right at the head of his target. Sora was to quick though he raised his shield a mere millisecond before impact. Sora charged right for Rick. Rick fired again but Sora dodged the thin blue death by a mere millimeter. He threw his Energy Sword right into the barrel of the Beam rifle. Its mini reactor exploded Rick threw it before it blew his arm off. Rick drew his Energy Sword. Sora grabbed the other sword on his belt and drew it. Rick swung but this Sangheli was different, he had reflexes that might have surpassed his own. He dodged the blade with ease. Sora kicked Rick's blade from his hand.

Sora threw the Energy Shield and caught the other blade midair. He lobbed off Rick's left arm.

"ARRGGGGGGGG!" Rick bellowed.

"Cut off the broadcast now do whatever it takes!" Fleet Admiral Rague said. If the image of a Spartan dieing was on the whole fleet transmission morale would be destroyed quicker than a Corvette attacking a Supercarrier.

"DAMN!" Rob yelled as he punched the wall causing a large part of it to collapse.

"This is impossible, how can Rick be...NOOOOOOOOOOOOO!" Jena yelled.

Dane just stood in the corner brooding he wished he could just go on that ship and kill that Elite. He didn't know what to do.

"Grab his arm and reattach it!" Sora barked, " and prepare the Demon for transport."

Sora walked out of the Arena. He was escorted to the bridge by his four Honor Guards. When he reached the bridge her relieved the Supreme Commander and took control of the fleet. Now he was prepared to finish what they started. Now his remaining 75 ships would go against the Human fleet.

"Sir, the Human fleet has received more reinforcements they have over 100 ships waiting for us in orbit."

"Well then this might be a challenge." The Councilor said to himself, " All cruisers engage at will!"

All ships in his fleet now engaged the Human ships. Energy Projectors discharged at will, now that the Atlas' location had been discovered.

Meanwhile Eradar jogged to a Phantom and loaded the Demon into it his Helios Guards followed him in. They launched towards the Atlas' location.

"Rob I just intercepeted a message from Councilor Sora's Supercarrier to something called High Charity." Karina said over his suits speakers. "Now I've accessed the Covenant battle net to find what High Charity is and I found it. Its some kind of enormous Space station guarded by over 1000 warships including multiple Supercarriers. You have to get this information to Fleet Admiral Rague. You and your Spartans have to get into orbit and escape. The Army and the Navy are abandoning this world. But we have a little present for the Covenant here a NOVA bomb planted at the bottom of HIGHCOM. It will take out this planet and High Charity when it arrives. If you get this data to the Admiral we can evacuate and have time to set off the bomb."

"Roger. Jena, Dane we have to get out of hear.!"

Rob pushed the Marine guards out of the way and into the command center.

> "Sir we have to abandon this world. Over 1000 Covenant ships are on

there way here."<p>

"Slow down Spartan..."General Shubaltz said.

"Karina please explain it to him, sir you might want to get Fleet Admiral Rague on the line."

Karina explained to the Officers at HIGHCOM the situation. They were met with wide gapes and gasps.

"We're closing shop! Abandon your stations send ten Frigates down to evacuate the infantry leave the tanks if you have to!" Fleet Admiral Rague barked.

Ten UNSC frigates broke formation and headed to the surface. It was now a race against time the clock was already ticking twenty-six hours to evacuate the remaining three million personnel on the planet.

6. The Atlas

Halo: The Atlas

Chapter 5: The Atlas

September 3, 2542

UNSC Carrier Heaven in Conquest

In orbit around Conquest

23 hours till High Charity arrives

47 hours till detonation of NOVA bomb

Fleet Admiral Rague stared into the empty space. So far 100,000 troops had been shipped off of the now doomed world of Conquest. Among them all of the ODSTs and the Spartans. They were loaded onto the flagship. The Frigates had been able to move those troops in three hours. 'We might just make it he thought.

"Sir the Supercarrier has landed on the surface of the Planet."

"Let them be. The closer they are to the bomb the better."

Councilor Sora 'Vran Rumilee looked at the gateway to the Atlas. The Minister had begun 30 hour ceremony that took place before they could open the pathway into the Atlas and unlock the secrets within. 'This is pointless we should just proceed in' he thought.

"Excellency the Prophet of Truth requires a report."

'Just in time' he chuckled to himself.

"I apologize sir but there is some disturbance due to the Atlas we must return to orbit in order make a clear transmission."

"Very well," the Councilor said irritably.

His Honor Guards escorted him into his Phantom. He took a look over the turret manned by a Sangheli Naval Guard. The battlefield was chaotic. The Humans tried to make one final push with 500,000 troops. But without the Demons Eradar's Scarab division annihilated the Human's forces. Now they were just cleaning up the stragglers. A rocket soared past his Phantom. Before he knew it ten Banshees flew in formation covering him. His four Honor Guards jumped on him and pinned him to the Ground so that no rockets could hit him while he viewed the battlefield.

"We apologize, sir but we cannot risk your assassination by the Humans," the commanding Honor Guard Ultra said.

Sora nodded. In five minutes he was secure in his Supercarrier again. He walked to his chambers past rows of Helios. When the door closed securely behind him a hologram of the Prophet of Truth appeared.

"What news Councilor, last I heard from you you had just won your duel with the Demon. Now I hear that the Minister of Reclamation has begun the ceremony."

"Yes excellency you will be able to see the Atlas' unveiling when you arrive."

"Very good. Soon the Great Journey shall begin and all who oppose us shall be destroyed."

"Yes excellency I will see you in High Charity tomorrow."

"I look forward to that. Good luck Councilor."

With that Truth's Hologram disappeared. 'Rumilee sighed and took off his helmet. He had to rest in order to be presentable to the Hierarchs. Their arrival was on schedule just six hours until they arrived. The Humans wouldn't know what hit them.

Fleet Admiral Rague stared at the time only ten hours until High Charity and its fleet came. And still 1.5 million personnel had to be evacuated.

"Sir the Spartans have requested to meet with you."

"Fine have the Vice Admiral take over for now."

He stormed out of the bridge to his ready room.

"No I can't permit it."

"Sir we understand your position but we can't just leave Rick down there to die." Rob rebutted.

"You will..."

"Excuse, me sir." a man walked in. He was in standard ONI uniform but he had the insignia of a one star Rear Admiral on it. The Spartans immediately got up and saluted. "At ease"

"Who the hell are you and what are you doing on my ship?"

"Though it doesn't concern you I'm Rear Admiral Rich. Commander of ONI Section III. I'm hear on direct orders from Lord Hood and the President of the UEG. For one they demand that the Spartans are able to act freely. In other words they are outside of your jurisdiction to command."

"Well than the Pelicans on _my _ship are in my jurisdiction and not a damn one is leaving this ship till I say so."

"Thats fine, I have a prowler in orbit waiting for there commanders arrival." Rich gestured towards the Spartans.

Rague clenched his teeth together as the Spartans one by one saluted and departed. Rear Admiral Rich left giving a half assed salute.
'Damned spooks' he thought.

Rob,Dane, and Jena reached their prowler _Sparta _to be greeted by three-hundred soldiers they were unfamiliar with. They were clad in armor that looked like a cross between a twenty-first century space suit and MJOLNIR armor. Rear Admiral Rich started to speak.

"Everything you see hear is classified. These very soldiers you see technically don't exist. They are SPARTAN IIIs. The program started in 2531 to combat the Covenant threat. Their SPI armor is state of the art but not as powerful as your MJOLNIR armor. By the way this is a gift from Lieutenant Kurt Ambrose. A.K.A. Spartan II Kurt-051 UNSCMID:045888947. FYI he never died. You can only relate this to your fellow Spartans and no one else. You have all been elevated to the rank of Senior Chief Petty officers, so your all equal in rank now. Rob is still squad leader and overall commander of this vessel. As stated before you have complete tactical command over this vessel. Only Fleet Admiral Sir Terrance Hood can override this command. This ship is armed with two pulse lasers cannons..."

"Excuse me sir pulse lasers, aren't those on..."

"Covenant ships yes. We figured it be far more effective than a single low powered MAC gun. Continuing on this ship is undetectable to Radar and is equipped with a special Active Camouflag. Well, I'll leave you guys to it."

Councilor Sora assaulted the Human Homeworld and speared their Demon leader through the chest with his Energy Sword. Then the Fleet glassed the world as his Phantom picked him up. Meanwhile back in High Charity the Jiralhanae were being gunned down like the slime they were. Then the Great Journey began with the rings lighting he could see the light. The Prophet of Truth awarded him the honor of...

Councilor 'Rumilee woke up to the sound of banging on his door.
> "WHAT IS IT!" he barked.<p>

The door opened to the sight of a trembling Sangheli Minor Domo.

"I 'm mmma vevevery sssorrry Hhhonorable..."

The Helios moved in.

> "Why the hell did you let him in!" the Honor Guard Ultra barked to

the Helios outside.<p>

"He has an urgent message from Supreme Commander 'Sacramee.'"

"I see."

"Well warrior what is your message?"

"High Charity is entering the System in thirty minutes and they need firing solutions."

"Very well." the Councilor said. He donned his Councilor Helmet and sped off to the bridge his Honor guards were tailing him.

Fleet Admiral Rague was stressed only four hours left until the barringer of death as they labeled High Charity came and wiped out the planet.

"Sir my god you have to see this!"

"What is it soldier calm down."

"But sir look!"

The officer pointed towards the countless Slipspace ruptures appearing in front of the Supercarrier's fleet. 'Oh my god' he thought.

"ALL SHIPS INTO SLIPSPACE NOW!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

> Councilor Sora 'Vran Rumilee stared in awe as High Charity and its fleets plasma batteries grew red. 'Checkmate he thought as twenty five human warships managed to jump into Slipspace. Then all batteries discharged in a spectacular display. Thousands of plasma torpedoes and energy projectors disentigrated the human fleet in the blink of an eye. The same plasma burned the majority of the world. The only places that were not burned was the Covenant staging ground, the area around the Human command base, and of coarse the Atlas.<p>

"Excellency enemy fleet destroyed. Â¾ of their fleet managed to escape before High Charity fired. Should we pursue?"

"No we have what we want. Let the little cowards run from there fear."

"As you wish excellency."

Senior Chief Petty Officer Rob stared at the command screen of his Prowler_ Sparta. _The only reason why his ship escaped the enormous cataclysm is that it was cloaked above the UNSC command base. According to what he just witnessed Rear Admiral Rich's ship and Fleet Admiral Rague's ships were luckily among the ships that escaped. But the ships that had the majority of the personnel were destroyed. Among the six million personnel stationed on or around the planet only 750,000 survived. For some reason the Covenant kept the UNSC base intact.

"Sir what do you think we should do?" First Petty Officer S-III Sarah said.

"We go to the Covenant staging ground, bust out Rick and..." Rob rebutted.

"He's no there," a familiar voice said.

"Karina how the hell did you get..."

"Transferred from the _Heaven and Conquest's _computer onto your shuttle into _Sparta's_ main computer."

Just then Jena and Dane walked onto the bridge. All of the Spartan IIIs got up from their stations and saluted.

"At ease Spartans," Jena said.

"Wow I'm impressed this thing comes with an on board AI," Dane said.

"Uh, about that, Karina snuck aboard," Rob said.

"OH SHIT, when the Fleet Admiral..."

"Relax, I'm an ONI AI. Admiral Rich ordered me to and besides I'm not _Heaven and Conquest's _ship board AI. It has its own."

"Fine you can stay now continuing on with our discussion where is Rick if not at the enemy command center."

The Minister of Reclamation continued to bless the archway to the Atlas. The Demon slept as one of the Jiralhanae restrained him.
'Ashame I'll have to attend the Council meeting'

"Legates continue blessing the archway. We will enter when I return."

High Charity was a busy mess. As usual in the morning the commuters began their daily transit. San 'Shyuum floated in gravity throne commuting rings. Junior staffers in rings of twenty or more, Senior staffers rated chairs powerful enough to travel in groups of seven, then we had Vice Ministers commuting in trios. Here and there full Ministers (the San 'Shyuum's Councilors) floating in single chairs. Unggoy barges held an innumerable number of the creatures making one of their daily transits. Some, more wealth Unggoy merchants could afford personal Spirit Dropships.

The Sangheli were strapped to sleek Anti-Gravity backpacks. Some of the Higher ranked Sangheli traveled in personally designed Phantom Dropships. Amongst these were the Sangheli Councilors who along with the San 'Shyuum Ministers were heading straight towards the High Council Chamber. Councilor Sora 'Vran Rumilee was chatting with several other Councilors when he suddenly stopped. When his fellow Councilors looked on at the spectacle. They could only gape with their four hinged mandibles.

Standing to the left of the Hierarchs pedestal was Tartarus; Supreme Chieftain of the Jiralhanae. The silver haired Jiralhanae obliged to the Sangheli decree that Jiralhanae could not wear Power Armor whilst on High Charity, but he was standing on _hallowed _grounds. The Majority of the San 'Shyuum Councilors particularly the Old Guard who were all for traditions almost leaped out of their chairs. Before

Sangheli Councilors could gut the treacherous bastard the Hierarchs appeared from the lift. Their Honor Guards reluctantly defending Tartarus.

"My brothers I suppose you are wondering why a Jiralhanae is standing in the sacred Council Chamber," the Prophet of Truth said, "The answer is simple, I believe that being the Jiralhanae's recent addition to High Charity's security force and there powerful nature that they should have a representative on the council other than the Minister of Tranquility."

"But, Noble Hierarch if we let the Jiralhanae have representation whats stopping the Kig-Yar, Lekgolo, and Unggoy to request representation as well," Sora spat.

"They do not hold the military threat the Jiralhanae have."

"Very well Noble Hierarchs."

"Good then lets begin the meeting,"Truth said.

It was clear that Mercy didn't share Truth and Regret's view of the situation. After all he was a member of the Old Guard himself. This was something to take in mind being the Council could overrule the Hierarchs. But being some of the San 'Shyuum supported this decision it. But if they had one of the Hierarchs to support them it would be easier to override Truth's decision.

Field Master Sacra 'Menrahee hacked into the Human computer networks. Though some data had been purged the Humans didn't have time to delete it all with the arrival of High Charity. 'Damn' he thought. They had already purged the location of there Homeworld and other worlds of importance. He continued his search.

Councilor Sora 'Vran Rumilee stared in awe as the gates to the Atlas were opened. The Minister floated in the massive chamber first. It was a huge holographic projection of the Galaxy.

"Minister begin downloading this data. We'll..."

Just as he was about to finish a flood infection form attempted to leap onto the Minister. Luckily the Councilors Honor Guards reacted quick enough to guard him.

"BY THE GODS! WHY DIDN'T YOU INFORM ME THERE WERE PARASITE HERE!" Councilor Sora roared.

"I did not know whether you would harm the sacred..."

Before the Minister could finish the Councilor gripped him by his neck Energy Sword drawn. The Jiralhanae gasped and raised their weapons. But the Helios that also accompanied the Councilor knocked them away with their Energy Staffs.

"What are you..."

"Minister, you are beginning to seem like a heretic to me. Your failure to inform me of the Parasite's presence on the planet jeopardized the Atlas' security."

"I have always been dedicated. If you wish to question me do not dare grab me by my neck again or I'll inform the..."

"I'm confident the Hierarchs will look in my favor on this matter. They know of your schemes to become Hierarch. But it'll never work they are far to vigilant."

The Minster couldn't say a thing he just let 'Rumilee set him back in his throne. And he began downloading the Data.

Back on the outside things were hectic dead brutes were everywhere. Dane removed his combat Knife from a Brute's throat spewing blood all over his visor. Rick sat slouched against a rock.

"What took you guys so long and who are the guys in the weird armor." Rick smirked.

"Long story but we gotta get out of here before the Covenant realize that they lost their pet." Rob smirked back beneath his visor.

"You guys I don't wanna break up this reunion but Karina detects an army moving in from the north they'll be all over us in five minutes," Jena said over the comm. She brought the Sparta close so the Spartans could board.

Eradar looked over the remains of a few hundred Jiralhanae. 'The fools let the Demon escape' Eradar thought.

"Excellency?"

"We have no way to see where the Demons went. We'll just guard the outside of the Atlas until the Data transfer is complete."

Field Master 'Menrahee could not believe the Data he was looking at.

"VILE HUMANS FORERUNNERS DAMN THEM!" he yelled.

He tried to override the Human's Nova detonation sequence but its countdown was already well in progress. 'Shit' he thought.

"Honor Guards code 3903234453. Councilor in immediate danger. High Charity destruction of System imminent perform emergency jump." Sacra said over his personal comm.

Sora's Honor Guards grabbed him forcibly and began to run for his personal Phantom. The Minister who had just finished downloading the Data was soon also rushed out by his Jiralhanae.

"Ma'am breaking orbit now," Sarah said.

"Commence immediate Slipspace jump." Jena barked.

Within an instant the Sparta disappeared into the void of Slipspace. Only moments after High Charity and its defense fleet made an emergency escape.

Eradar's army was now caught in a fierce battle with the Parasites. But Eradar himself was soon swept off of his feet by his Helios and stuffed in a Phantom with his Father and the Minister.

"Get those Soldiers off that planet!" Sora barked.

Soon enough he was back aboard Honorable Demise who as soon as he touched down also performed an emergency Slipspace Jump. Field Master 'Menrahee looked on in horror through his quarters on Honorable Demise. He felt like a coward; abandoning all those soldiers on the planet's surface. Just as the Supercarrier and its fleet slipped away only a moment later Conquest's surface cracked as the NOVA bomb annihilated Flood, Sangheli, Unggoy, Jiralhanae alike none survived as the Nova bomb shattered Conquests two moons. Soon enough the Planet was turned into a field of Asteroids by the power of a Super Nova.

Fleet Admiral Rague stared into the void of space. He could not believe that the Spartans had successfully saved their comrades. He was happy though even though as their commanding officer he originally didn't want them to go and possibly risk their lives a part of him wanted them to save Rick. He could not imagine the image of the once proud planet of Conquest the jewel of the Outer Colonies a small field of debris. All they could do now was return to Earth and report this to HIGHCOM. The location of Earth would have to be made even more secure. But with High Charity destroyed things might be a bit easier. Nothing could have survived that explosion even that planetoid.

Back on High Charity the High Council was in session.

"So brother what say you?" the Prophet of Truth inquired.

"I am sorry Holy One but the data is very complex it will take a minimum of seven years and a maximum of ten in order to interpret this Data," the Minister of Reclamation said from the San 'Shyuum side of the Chamber.

"But what of all of the Soldiers who lost their lives was that in vain? Is there nothing we can do now?" High Councilor Soha 'Rolamee piped up.

"They joined the countless others on the Path. They are now waiting in the halls of both our forefathers. When the journey begins they will join us again," Truth reassured the inexperienced Councilor. 'Rolamee was new to the Council he ranked on the first tear of the Council. Though a brilliant tactician he had yet attained the rank of High_Councilor. He had yet to attain the middle name 'Vran. Though this mattered little when in the presence of lower ranked officers who called High Councilors "Councilors" it mattered a great deal in the Chambers. High Councilor Sora 'Vran Rumilee was the Council Master of the smaller division of the High Council known as the Council of Masters this made him 'Rolamee and several other 'San Shyuum and Sangheli Councilors his subordinate.

Sora nodded in agreement with the Councilor. There had to be something they could do to commemorate those who perished. After all they couldn't even give them a proper burial being that the Humans annihilated the whole world.

"I agree with Councilor 'Rolamee," Sora piped up. He knew a single Junior Councilor would have zero to no influence on a decision like a memorial, "I propose that a monument be constructed hear in High

Charity and one on Sanghelios so that all who have died in previous wars this war and the next wars will be forever remembered."

"All in favor of High Councilor Sora 'Vran 'Rumilee's proposal," the Prophet of Mercy said.

All members of the Council raised their hands even the braggart Regret raised his hand.

"Very well it shall be done. May the Forerunners bless all of your days. Council adjourned," the Prophet of Truth said.

As Sora exited the chambers 'Rolamee came and thanked him for his support. He reaffirmed him and said that he would temporarily take his place on the field of battle so he could earn his 'Vran. Eradar would command the Ground forces. Supreme Commander 'Sacramee would serve as Soha's second in command. 'Soon this war would end' Sora thought. Then he went to his Estate on High Charity and took advantage of some well deserved sleep.

Thank you for the support and reviews every one stay tuned for the Prologue and the next two(possibly three) Stories

7. Epilogue

Epilogue

Ninth Age of Reclamation

One week before the Fall of Reach

High Charity on the 'Rumilee estate.

The Supreme Commander of the Fleet of Particular Justice stood aboard his personal Phantom Dropship. He looked at the enormous 'Rumilee estate that was suspended in the Air above the ground. As the Dropship descended the Estate's auto-targeting lasers targeted the Phantom.

"I have an appointment with Councilor Sora 'Vran Rumilee. This is Supreme Commander..."

Back at the Estate Councilor Sora stared in the Central field where all the buildings were focused around. The Jet black Phantom Dropship descended as over twenty Helios Guards armed with Fuel Rod guns jumped down and Aimed for it. From the gravity lift a Sangheili clad in violet Armor and robes came down.

"Hold fire!" the venerable Councilor said. His guards had become weary ever since there was an assassination attempt on him a month ago. And he could understand why someone would want him dead. As Council Master of the High Council of Masters he had made many hateful enemies.

"Excellency," the Supreme Commander bowed.

"You may rise my old friend," He responded. They walked to his personal battle assessment room, "I have brought you hear for a reason. You see I need you to attack this."

The image of a Human world surrounded by over 150 human warships as well as twenty strategically placed Defense platforms.

"One of our stealth ships picked up this. A human stronghold. We have now translated 98 of the Atlas data. We are finishing the Data translation on the location of the Sacred rings and the Ark as we speak. And we believe that that world holds the location of a very important Forerunner crystal."

"Excellency, with respect I am only a Supreme Commander I command my fleet of 100 ships but not enough to take a Human world with defenses of this magnitude."

"Ah, but I am a Councilor I command all 2000 ships in the Sanghelios sector including your fleet. I am giving you 235 extra warships under your command. But due to the scope of this operation you will have to also play host to the Minister of Etiology, the Minister of Tranquility and Councilor Soha 'Rolamee as military advisers to you. Any questions?"

The Supreme Commander shook his head.

"Very well you will leave tomorrow."

Councilor 'Rumilee looked on as the Supreme Commander's Phantom departed and descended towards High Charity's docks.

"You summoned me."

Standing in the pathway was Rtas 'Vadumee. He was clad in pristine White Armor; that of a full Spec Ops Commander. But the only reason 'Vadumee had not been promoted all the way to Imperial Admiral is because he had on multiple occasions refused to be a back line Commander. But he could tell that before this war ended 'Vadumee would have his own fleet to command.

"Yes indeed I need you and your Spec Ops division to supplement the Supreme Commander's ground forces."

"As you command I will depart immediately."

"And Rtas, do consider my offer."

"Excellency I will become Imperial Admiral when I am ready. But I am afraid to become like Imperial Admiral Xytan 'Jar Wattinree. Exiled because of the Prophets paranoia. Especially that braggart..."

"Calm yourself. If this place were wired like anywhere else we would both be tried for heresy."

"I apologize."

"Do not worry about it, but do keep an eye on the Minister of Tranquility he is not exactly the most Tranquil individual. And by the way Etiology is a coward. You are dismissed."

"Yes, my lord."

"May I ask why you are sending Rtas," Eradar 'Rumilee said Councilor Soha 'Rolamee accompanied him at the archway.

"You mean why I'm not sending you. The reason is simple my son I need you hear with me at High Charity. As you know Politics with the Jiralhanae are becoming worse by the Unit. I fear it is only a matter of time before a Civil War erupts."

"Do you think it will come to war father?" Eradar inquired. He was clad in the Gold armor of a Zealot. He had ascended to the rank of Fleet Master over the last few years.

"That braggart Regret is becoming more treacherous by the day. Surely he is Hierarch but his unwavering faith in the Jiralhanae is both rash and foolish. It seems to me that he wants Truth's throne," Sora shot.

"Its ashame that he is Hierarch, I would have personally gutted him for you father."

"I am glad to hear that you are still faithful. But I sense disdain in some of the Prophets and a plot to destroy the Sangheli."

"I agree father."

"I believe that the Prophets want my head on a platter. I crossed the Minister of Tranquility the wrong way in the last cycle."

"I'll see what I can do for you old friend. I have my finest SpecOps division assigned and a squadron of Helios. They will protect you with your life."

"Thank you excellency."

Just then three shots were fired all attempting to hit the Councilors, but the assailant was a terrible shot. Eradar grabbed his beam rifle. Within a second four Honor Guards stormed into the room, covering the Councilor. Dozens of Helios secured the Estate. Banshees were covering from the Air. They spotted the Assailant a single Jiralhanae. Within an instant the Helios tacked him and had him pinned. Before he could get up one of them had his Energy Staff at apes neck. After a few hours of torture all he got was his target was Soha. After the excruciating process of dicing off each of the beasts limbs the Jiralhanae died an excruciatingly painful death. After that Soha left with half a dozen Helios guards. Now, all the chips had been set in place the Fall of Reach was about to begin. Sora prayed the Covenant could hold stable until the Journey could begin.

End
file.